

MARCH 1915

THE
HOPKINS
ARMS



PALMAM QUI
MERUIT FERAT

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
HOPKINS ACADEMY
HADLEY, MASS.

VOLUME V.

NUMBER 6

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THE HOPKINS ARMS

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MARCH, 1915

THE HOPKINS ARMS

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MERUIT FERAT

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E D I T O R I A L S

We want to improve the appearance of the ARMS by arranging the material under departments. As it is now, everything is somewhat mixed up. Some of our exchanges have criticized this very point, but so far no permanent change has been made because we have received only one or two good cuts. All the artists in school are invited to help us out.

We shall be glad to receive other suggestions for the improvement of the paper, also.

If the theatrical performances which are to be given soon are well worked out we will probably be rewarded with some new gymnasium apparatus or other athletic equipment. But the success depends largely on the co-operative work of the English classes. Each one must do his part well.

If you are asked to write something for the paper, and if, after spending some time on it,

it is never printed do not be offended. Try again. The editor is usually justified in her selection of material.

We are sorry to say that the members of the school are not supporting the paper, where finances are concerned, as well as last year. Only about forty-two per cent of all in school are subscribers. Does this show a lack of interest or have you simply overlooked the matter?

The business manager has arranged to give the remaining five numbers for forty cents.

Subscribe now and show the editors you appreciate their efforts.

NEWS

The Juniors decided at a recent class meeting, to take charge of a school play. A committee was chosen to pick out the play, which will probably be given in May.

The Social Science classes are going to visit Town Meeting, so that they will be able to carry on their own Town Meeting. This is part of the work which is outlined for the course.

The following pupils were not tardy during January, and attained B or above in all subjects.

Seniors—G. Burke, G. Crosier, S. Davis, M. Heiden.

Juniors—E. Callahan, E. Lester, D. Barlow.

Sophomores—C. Barlow, R. Gardner, J. Kelley, F. Kokoski.

Freshmen—F. Burke, C. Bisko, O. Comins, F. Fairman, J. Flaherty, F. Jekanoski, E. Lyman, H. Miller, L. Miller, G. Montgomery, M. Montgomery, A. Neil, S. Neil, V. Nicpon, A. Peltz, R. Phillips, G. Pichette, H. Reardon, C. Whitaker, F. White.

THE SOPHOMORE SOCIAL

On Friday evening, January 22, the Sophomore class gave a social to the students and invited friends who gathered at the gymnasium about 7:45 to enjoy the following program:

Grand March
Waltz
Potato Race
Dan Tucker
Two-Step
Blind Man's Buff
Continental March
Measure Grins
The Bridal Pair
Charade
Symphony
Charade
Waltz
Refreshments
Waltz
Continental March
Paul Jones
Waltz

In the potato race a member was chosen from each class. Each one had to carry four

potatoes, one at a time, on a teaspoon, from one end of the gymnasium to the other. The representative of the Freshman class won the prize, a package of Beechnut gum.

Every one had his or her grin measured, and Frederick Cook, '18, whose grin measured three and one-half inches, won the prize, a juicy lemon.

One of the great surprises of the evening was the "Bridal Pair." They were two horse bridles hung on the wall.

The charades, "phantom" and "bandage" also were well acted.

Refreshments of cocoa, cake and wafers were served.

The boys enjoyed the social even though they had lost a victory at Deerfield in the afternoon.

The party broke up at 10:30 and every one agreed that it had been a very enjoyable evening.

MORSE'S MONEY MUSEUM

On Friday afternoon and evening, Mr. Morse gave in the Hopkins gymnasium, an exhibition of old bills and coins.

The Sophomore class decorated the gymnasium and had full charge. Ice cream, cake and candy were on sale. The Grammar school victrola furnished the music.

Mr. Morse's collection of bills is very valuable and we feel very grateful to him for letting us use them.

On account of the other events on the same evening, very few townspeople attended the exhibition. Most of the pupils saw it however, and learned a great deal from it.

The proceeds of this goes to the Athletic Association and will be put with the money on hand to buy new lockers.

The school was very well entertained by the faculty Friday evening, Feb. 12. The program was as follows:

Serenade	Miss Smith
Song	Faculty Trio

Recitation, "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star"

Pantomime, "Hiawatha's Wooing"

March and Two-step

Continental

Dan Tucker

Paul Jones

Waltz

Intermission

Continental

Tag-two-step

Waltz—German

Duchess

Waltz

LATIN, A DEAD LANGUAGE

Latin is a dead language, but people go pecking away at the skeleton still at Hopkins, and other like schools, when they might be spending their time at some more profitable study.

Latin is so dead and dried up that there actually is nothing but a skeleton left. I have seen this skeleton, and I have shaken hands with him more than once, but I have always found him a "bone-head," and I wished him good-bye forever each time. I was afraid his compound-lever, ball-and-socket action might come apart in my hands.

He must have been a handy old boy in his day,—but that day is certainly gone. People now-a-days cannot stop to think which of the seventy times seven cases of their noun to use, or to which of the numerous declensions the word "hen" belongs.

Neither can their listeners stop to wonder which of the twenty-one uses of the ablative or the seventeen subjunctive clauses Cyrus Hayseeds is using.

And moreover, up-to-date languages must hold more closely to the rule than does Latin. Why in Latin, you spend one-third of your time in learning the rules of syntax, and the other two-thirds in learning the exceptions, and then you put in the rest of your spare time in increasing your vocabulary.

Latin is the best language I ever learned—but it is the first, and most certainly the last

of that order. But I can say one thing for it. If you left out all the prepositions, conjunctions, adjectives and adverbs, and just stuck to verbs and nouns then eliminated paraphrastic conjugations, and so forth, it would be a first-rate language,—for a dead bone-head.

—M. S., '17.

WHEN FRENCH IS GERMAN

More than forty years ago, in a little Alsatian village, little Jean Duprez was born. The home into which he came was a sad one, for the father had been killed in the Franco-Prussian War, and the oldest son was doomed to be a cripple for life. Madame Duprez's heart was heavy, as with her children, she left the land of her birth, now in possession of the people she hated, to go to her brother, who lived across the broad Atlantic, in the wonderful land called the United States, where every one was free and equal.

Little Jean grew up to be a bright-eyed, laughing boy, who stood high in his class at school, and who was loved by all who knew him. All his playmates called him Jack, but at home he was little Jean. He never forgot that he was born a Frenchman, and he hated the Germans. Was it not on their account that he had never seen his father, and that poor Pierre sat day after day, in his wheel chair, a helpless cripple, and that Mother so seldom smiled, and had to work so hard every day to keep them in food and clothing, when they might have been living in peace and plenty in sunny Alsace? He would sit for hours, listening to Pierre's stories of their native land, and once he said to him, "Some day there will be another war, and perhaps you will be able to help, little Jean."

So the time passed. Jean finished school, and entered his uncle's store. The family was in more comfortable circumstances now, as the older children were working, and the mother, although prematurely old, smiled more often, as the burden was gradually lifted from her shoulders.

The years rolled by. The uncle had died, and Jean, now a middle-aged man, was a prosperous merchant, when suddenly like a bolt from a clear sky, came the news that all of Europe was plunged in the most terrible war that had ever been known to the world. Jean hastily put his affairs in order, and left for England, for the time had come which Pierre had prophesied, and now he must serve his native land.

In due time he reached Liverpool and passed on without difficulty to London, where he planned to take the next steamer for France, but here his troubles commenced. He was asked by the official in charge about the date of his birth and his birthplace, and he replied earnestly, "September first, 1871, near Strasbourg in Alsace. My mother was left a widow by the war, and in January, of 1872 we left our beloved land for the United States, where we have lived ever since. My mother is very old and feeble now, but her allegiance to France has never faltered. She gave her husband for her country, and now she sends me to do what little I can in this awful struggle."

"My man," replied the official, "you have a French name, and are eager to fight for France, but as you were born in Alsace, after the close of the Franco-Prussian War, you are a German citizen, and therefore inimical to France as well as England, and for the present at least, you must be dealt with as though you were a German. You will be detained with a number of prisoners who have just arrived from Germany."

Too dazed to understand, Jean was placed in charge of an officer, who in turn placed him with the German prisoners, where he is still. His mother and Pierre, far away in the United States, have not heard from him, but happily, they think he is serving "La Belle France."

—D. H. H., '16.

French III

"Nous baisions ses cheveux blancs."

DUTY OR LOVE

"Well, my dear," said Madame Lorin at the breakfast table, "to-day we must consult Mme. Charbeau about the wedding gown."

Marie dropped her eyes and blushed.

"Do you need another check book?" teasingly asked Monsieur Lorin, glancing at his daughter.

"Two, if you please, sir," saucily replied Marie.

This conversation took place at the elegant home of Monsieur Lorin on the outskirts of Paris, July 29, 1914. His daughter Marie was to be married to a young German who had come to Paris some months before to study. Both families being rich, the wedding was to be very gorgeous.

* * * *

The butler, white faced, entered with the morning paper. His mistress, noticing him, asked, "Why, James, what is the matter?" James pointed to the paper and went quietly out.

Monsieur Lorin glanced at the paper and his face blanched. "War is declared," he finally was able to say. "I must go at once." He was an officer in the army.

For some time after he was gone, no word was spoken. Mother thought only of her husband. Her daughter's thoughts were more of Frederick. Madam Lorin left her daughter alone. Marie's thoughts nearly drove her distracted. Would Frederick join the army and desert her? "Oh, he can not," she cried. "He must not."

At this moment the subject of her reflections entered. "What must I not do, Marie?" he asked. Silently she pointed to the paper on the table and watched him, hopefully and anxiously, as he approached. Curiously he opened the paper. A surprised look came over his face. As he read on he grew paler. Marie watching him, wondered if he would never finish. At last he looked up. For some minutes neither spoke. They looked at each other anxiously, each afraid to speak

his thoughts. Frederick arose and paced the room.

At last, Marie, unable to endure the silence any longer, spoke. "Father has gone," she said.

"I must go, too," said the young man, "but, oh, how can I!" To and fro he paced again. Suddenly he stopped. "Marie, will you come to my mother?" he abruptly asked.

"Oh, my own mother," wailed Marie, "what will she do?" Again there was silence. Frederick had already decided what he would do. Marie knew his decision even before he spoke it. The love of Fatherland is very strong in all Germans. But in her heart there was a conflict. Which should she leave, her mother or Frederick? How could she decide? Suddenly a vision of her lover, wounded and dying came before her. "Oh, I will go," she cried,—and was her devotion to her lover less sacred than his to his country?

—E. L., '16.

A SPY'S WORK

In the German army I am known as spy No. 17, and the girl with whom I work, and who is one of the cleverest spies in the German army, is known as No. 30.

At the outbreak of the war we were stationed in a large city of France for the purpose of obtaining plans of the large arsenal situated there so that our Zeppelins could attack and destroy it.

As No. 30 was a very attractive young woman we planned to have her meet the commandant of the fort and by pretending to fall in love with him get the plans of the fort.

While we were talking over our plans one day my friend said, "Why not get up a military ball in honor of the commandant?"

"Ah!" said I, "that would be just the thing." So the next week the ball was given and was attended by all of the military officials in the city, and it was there that No. 30 and I were introduced to the commandant. The latter fell into the trap we had set for him

and invited No. 30 and I to visit him at the arsenal the next afternoon, which we promised to do.

The next afternoon we went to the arsenal with the intention of obtaining the plans at any cost, as we had received a message from headquarters saying that if we did not send them the plans by six o'clock that night they would attack the arsenal without knowing the location of the place where the powder was stored.

After the commandant had shown us all about the upper part of the arsenal I asked him, "Can't we go into the part where you keep the powder and ammunition?"

"No," he answered, "that is impossible, because nobody is allowed in that part of the building besides the military inspectors."

I was very much disappointed by these words but I trusted to the girl to find a way to inspect the place if she had enough time. Excusing myself on the pretense of having business in the city to attend to and saying that I would call for the girl in about an hour I left. The commandant seemed pleased to know that I would leave them together for a while.

When I returned for the girl I noticed they were talking familiarly and I was quite sure that she had been successful.

As soon as we were alone and on our way back to our hotel I said to her, "Well, what luck did you have?"

"I got them all right," she replied, "but I'll have to return them in the morning or he may suspect something is wrong."

When we got back to the hotel I immediately began to copy the plans which she said she had slipped into her coat pocket instead of leaving on his desk after he had been explaining them to her. In less than half an hour the plans were on their way to the German headquarters and we knew that before morning the arsenal would be in ruins.

At about ten-thirty that night there was a terrible explosion that shook the whole city and we saw the arsenal in flames. We hurried

to the scene of the explosion where a great crowd had assembled and learned that the commandant had been found dead in the part of the ruined building where he had had his office, but no one but the girl and myself could explain why he was there alone at that time of the night.

—W. R. A., '16.

A ZEPPELIN ROMANCE

Young Carl Von Hinderberg, tall, erect, with light curly hair and dark brown eyes was the pride of the company of which he was the first lieutenant. He was one of the first to be ordered to conduct a Zeppelin over the Belgium territory, because of his great skill in handling these deadly agents of war. His first assignment was to fly over the city of Amiens and from his Zeppelin hurl bombs down on the beautiful, but defenseless, city.

It was a balmy day in August, 1914, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when Lieutenant Von Hinderberg heard approaching footsteps. Suddenly one of Carl's superior officers appeared, before him, in the door of his tent, and the following conversation ensued:

"Lieutenant Von Hinderberg!"

Von Hinderberg, saluting, "At your service, sir!"

"To-morrow, be prepared to take a trip to Amiens, Belgium, in Zeppelin No. 16. You are to be her conductor, also your duty at Amiens is an errand of bomb throwing on that city before she is aware that war has fairly begun."

Hinderberg turned very pale during this speech but did not falter in his answer, "At your service, sir!"

The officer backed out of the tent, while both men saluted. After he was gone, Hinderberg limply sat down on his pallet. He was thinking of the lovely girl, Thérèse Rousseau, whom he had met in Paris, when he had been there visiting his cousins three months before. Although she was French, she had been very friendly with his German cousin, Gretchen. During his visit in Paris,

he had become more and more interested in this charming, vivacious girl. She was very bright and had a talent for art. She had told him then that she was going to spend her summer in Amiens, on account of the beautiful scenery in its vicinity. Before his departure from Paris, he had received Thérèse's consent to marry him. He had not seen her since but had received letters from her frequently, from the Belgium city. The thought of casting bombs down on Thérèse made him shudder. What could he do? Here it was a little after three o'clock, with only about eighteen hours before he must start on his deadly errand. What could be done to save his sweetheart? All sorts of impossible ideas floated thru his brain and all were rejected as being foolhardy and reckless, but one of them came back to his brain again and again. Finally, he decided that it was the only plan that might succeed.

Shortly after the officer's order, Carl received a written order which was more explicit. The bombs must be thrown in order to blow up the municipal buildings of Amiens. This explanation made the need for rescuing Thérèse more imperative than before, because from her letters to him, he had learned that she lived in a hotel, not more than ten rods from the City Hall.

Carl worked with feverish haste. First of all, he went to one of his friends in the regiment and secured a girl's full costume of dress. It happened that this friend was a spy for the Germans. After Carl had collected the necessities for his journey, he set out about four hours later, having secured a few hours leave of absence. Carl started out in Zeppelin No. 16 through the fast approaching twilight to save his beloved Thérèse.

Because of the intense darkness of the night it was twelve o'clock before he reached a secluded valley just outside of the walls of Amiens. There he donned his guise and went into the city, walking past two sleeping pickets.

At the hotel, where Thérèse was living he was asked why he was making such an early

visit. He could perceive that there was a note of vague suspicion in their questions. In order to imitate in every respect the girl he was imitating he said in a girl's voice. "The Germans have driven me out of my home, and I came to see my sister who is living at this hotel and to ask her if she will accompany me to find work." This answer was evidently considered truthful and was allowed to pass.

After a short interview with Thérèse, they both succeeded in passing out of the city, without further questioning with the exception of the picket's question as to where they were going. They said that they were going to work in the field. They went to his waiting Zeppelin and he carried her in his air-craft to the French frontier where he saw her safely on her way home to Paris. He then returned to his own camp, just as the soldiers were being allotted to their daily tasks. No questions were asked; all thought that he had been giving an early morning trial to his machine, to test it for the work before it.

—M. C. L., '16.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

Claude Angé, a lieutenant in the French aviation corps, was a tall well-built young man. His mechanic, a bright young fellow named Jules Dumont, was going over the trim monoplane for the last time. It was an armored Bleriot of the latest style. The machine was painted a grayish-blue in order that it might be a target difficult to hit, when under fire. On the underside of the wings were painted two large maltese crosses to enable the French gunners to distinguish friend from foe. The body of the machine contained two seats, tandem style. The front seat had command of the engine and control of the machine. The passenger seat behind, was so arranged as to give the occupant room to operate the bomb-dropping device and the machine gun which was mounted on the rear deck for offense against hostile aircraft.

Dumont looked again and again over the

machine to see that all parts were in working order. When he was sure, Claude and he climbed in, the lieutenant taking the operator's seat in front and the mechanic behind. After placing his map (which showed the enemy's positions) in front of him, Jules told Claude to let her go. Claude switched the self-started and at once a roar broke from the engine. The machine started to move slowly, Claude turned on more gas, the machine gathered speed; quickly, skilfully, tilting the elevating planes, he shot the machine up into the air on a slant of forty-five degrees. By skilful driving, they ascended in huge circles, and rose high into the October blue of the sky. When his judgment told him that they were about a mile and a half above the earth, he turned the machine toward the east where the enemy's position lay.

Far down below, Claude and Jules could see the thread-like like of trenches and the dark forests which covered the hillside. The enemy were entrenched in the woods and it was the lieutenant's task to find out what he could about them. From the enemy's mortars which were behind the hill, shells were pouring into the French lines.

It was also his duty to give the gunners their range, because he knew they were watching him thru glasses. Speaking to Jules he told him to have some range-bombs ready. Soon they were over the enemy's battery. Lighting the fuses, Jules hurled them down; about a thousand feet above the ground they exploded, liberating a dense black cloud of smoke which hung over the battery long enough for the French gunners to get the range.

The machine had this time attracted the attention of the German's anti-craft guns; soon all kinds were turned on them. The aeroplane was now about eight thousand feet from the earth and being only thirty feet in width and moving at the rate of one hundred miles an hour, it offered a poor target for the Germans. It was like trying to kill a mosquito with a shot gun. But the Germans

were trying out their new aircraft guns, which were equipped with automatic range finders and telescopes. One of their new pyrolite shells which was timed for eight thousand feet exploded within a few hundred feet of them, and the expanding gas so disturbed the air that they barely escaped an upsetting, but their great speed soon carried them out of range.

After gathering all information necessary Claude headed the machine back towards the batteries which had formerly engaged them. He told Jules to shower them with bombs. As soon as they were over the batteries, he wheeled the machine around and around in circles and lines while Jules showered them with bombs. The enemy's fire was very hot and the two barely escaped being hit by some shells—parts of them did hit the machine but they did no material damage. Their bombs exhausted, the lieutenant turned the machine back towards the French lines.

Upon alighting Claude made his report and soon started on a less thrilling trip.

—F. R., '16.

THE POOR LITTLE MILLIONAIRE

Little six-year-old Augustus Longford was accustomed to play with his very expensive toys in the very charming Italian garden of the Longford country home, during the fine summer days. His nurse-maid, Nellie, would sit a short distance away embroidering, with one eye on her work and the other on her young charge.

Of course Augustus could never play without an attendant because he was very rich, the sole heir of the vast Longford millions. The poor little fellow had no brothers or sisters and seldom knew the companionship of children except as he saw the children of his parents' rich friends, who came to visit them in their city home during the Christmas holidays.

Young Master Longford was wholly unaware of the vast fortune which would fall to him some day and often during the pleasant

summer when he saw children enjoying themselves in the hayfields near his summer home, he longed to be with them. This seemed to trouble his mother greatly, for she seemed to think it very strange, indeed, that her son did not realize how improper it would be for him to associate with common country children.

Mrs. Longford herself had belonged to a poor family and before her marriage had been employed as a stenographer in a large firm in which Herbert Longford had possessed a large amount of stock. During his frequent trips to the plant, young Longford had met Louise Brown and had been very much attracted to her by her sweet unassuming ways. Being a very fine young man and having plenty of money, the fact that Miss Brown was poor made no difference to him and she had soon become Mrs. Longford. With her new name, Mrs. Longford felt it her duty to assume all the airs and haughtiness possible in order to make up for the deficiency of having once been poor.

Such was the mother of Augustus Longford, but the little boy inherited his father's democratic disposition. He longed for childish companionship and the freedom which he saw poorer children enjoy. How he would have liked to ride on the hay loads, as the children did whom he saw pass by or in a wheel-barrow like the gardener's children, but, alas, he had to ride either in an automobile or in a very stylish carriage.

The first childish pleasure that the little millionaire ever knew was when his father gave him a thorough-bred Shetland pony, on his eighth birthday. At first one of the grooms always went with him on his rides, but Herbert Longford was very anxious to have his son manly and after a short while he gave Augustus the privilege of driving alone provided that he should always obtain his mother's consent before going. This last condition was made so that Mrs. Longford might know where he was and be saved from unnecessary worry.

On one afternoon while his mother was in town Augustus went out to ride unaccompanied. When Mrs. Longford came home and sought her son to give him some of the costly presents she had bought for him, she learned from the coachman that he had gone out to ride. Hearing this she became angry to think that he had gone out alone without her permission and she planned all sorts of punishments for him on his return. As evening approached the mother grew anxious and sent two servants in search of the child, while she remained in the richly furnished drawing-room. About seven o'clock the pony returned without a driver, causing her to become so worried that she telephoned to her husband, who had remained in town.

At dark the nearly distracted mother heard footsteps coming up the walk and opening the panelled door saw the searchers returning. They were carrying the lost boy in their arms. They said hurriedly, "We found him on the roadside near a boulder and evidently he struck his head against it."

They laid him gently in his little bed and he was made as comfortable as possible while several of the best doctors in the nearby city were called to attend him. In fact everything that money could buy was done for the injured child, but he remained unconscious for nearly three days and as he approached consciousness, he became delirious and kept repeating, "It's all right if you are not rich. I want to be poor and play with other children."

Such words as these touched the mother's heart and she realized for the first time since her marriage how shallow her wealth had been. When Augustus grew better he explained to her his reason for going out that afternoon. He said sadly, "I was so lonesome, with only servants to talk to. I wanted somebody to take care of me without pay."

The mother was now willing to do anything to please her son and promised to let him play with any children he wanted to, if he could only be happy. Mrs. Longford soon

found that friendship between her son and the country children did not lessen the dignity or social position of the poor little millionaire.

—E. C., '16.

OPINIONS OF FRESHMEN

By a Sophomore

Freshmen might be called greenmen; for, in the words of the Reverend Obadiah Percival Hubbard, a class of Freshmen reminds one of a cabbage patch in the middle of a brick-yard. They are tender and soft-headed, while the bricks suggest to me the strength and great usefulness of Sophomores.

You will also remember in this connection, the words of the Right Honorable Peter Muir-Shackelton, who remarked that he didn't see the use of a Freshman year in schools and colleges; for the Freshmen never do any large amount of work, and as a consequence, always make it much harder for the upper classmen. This statement never seemed quite clear to me, but it must be correct and true, nevertheless, coming as it does from such an eminent man.

These two paragraphs demonstrate their general uselessness. Now for their ignorance. In my Freshman year several of my teachers publicly informed the class of their ignorance, and I do not doubt that we were ignorant. If this does not convince you, just listen to a few Freshmen talking. That will clinch the argument.

M. S., '17.

A CHANGE OF CAREER

Grace Allen had finished her high school course in June and was undecided what to do and where to go. Her father being a wealthy man, no money question troubled her. She sent for numberless bulletins and catalogues, only to glance them thru and cast them aside. Finally, one caught and held her attention. On the cover was printed in large, black letters: Why Love Mere Man? This was the bulletin of "The Spinsterhood

League." As she read, her interest increased. The society had a common boarding house at which the members were expected to board. No intercourse was allowed with men except concerning business.

Her curiosity aroused, Grace left for the office of the society in Boston. Here she was kindly received and admitted into the society. Her duty was to visit the women in the poorer parts of the city, attend their wants and make them interested in the league. Later, if she proved capable, she was to give lectures.

Several weeks passed and Grace was happy in her new work. She was a great favorite among the people and some shook their heads and said, "She won't be a spinster long." She was very enthusiastic and zealous but somehow or other, she never influenced anyone to such an extent that they joined the league.

One evening, Grace, coming home from a lecture, met a young man from her home town. She had been lonesome for familiar faces and forgot the rules of the society. She even went so far as to ask him to call on her.

The young man accepted her invitation and called several times after that. At first, Grace made it known that he came on business but she could not keep this up very long. On New Year's Day the society held a meeting and voted to discharge Grace Allen for breaking one of the most important rules of the league. Grace was not sorry and that night as she opened her diary, wrote: "Resolved, that 'The Spinsterhood League' is all right, but—"

E. L., '16.

COLLEGE GIRLS

Many and varied are the types of the modern college girl in the various colleges of the United States.

First comes Virginia, the athlete, with her clear complexion and sensible clothes. She is known and liked by all, and is affectionately dubbed "Jim" by her friends. She is the

bane of her instructor's existence because of her mischievous pranks, and at the same time their pride and delight because of her high standing in her various subjects. When she meets you on the street, she shakes your hand vigorously, and tells you that the basketball team is a "corker," and if it doesn't win the championship, she will "eat her hat." So much for slangy, boyish Jim.

Next in line comes the opposite type, Miss Gladys Fluffy Ruffles, petite and pretty in her dainty, if rather extreme clothes. With many "my dears," she asks you to translate her German, telling you that Bobbie was over last night, and that she hadn't opened a book, and she had five recitations, and that Miss Brown told her yesterday that she must recite perfectly every day for the next two weeks, if she wanted to pass that semester's work, and she simply had to, for Dad would be furious if she flunked again this year. She guessed she would have to take "Brownie" to the matinee next week, and see if that would do any good. It was just in having a "pull" anyway.

Now comes Phyllis, the aristocrat, who has a family tree and a coat of arms, and who looks at you with uplifted brows. She has traveled extensively, and speaks with a slight Southern drawl, as her mother is a Southerner. Very charming she can be when she wishes, but she moves entirely in a set by herself. Along with her comes Gwendolyn Nouveau Riche, who tries to copy Phyllis, and deceives none but herself.

Fifthly, comes Anne, the grind, who wears glasses, and is never seen without a book. She recites theories like an automaton, and reads "Livy" with as much ease as she would "Mother Goose." She has never seen a basketball game, and cannot go on a hike with you, because her Greek is not prepared for the next day.

Last, but not least, comes Barbara of the sunny disposition. Brown-eyed, smiling "Bab," is everybody's friend. The most popular girl in her class, some say. She is an

excellent student, although she never seems to study. And a party or dance without Bab? Impossible!

Such are a few of the types of the modern college girl.

—D. H., '16.

A MISHAP

One day last winter a few of my friends and I drove to Northampton in a sleigh. The snow was quite deep and the paths and sidewalks had not yet been cleared from ice. So it made it very difficult to walk without slipping or sliding.

A large, fat woman attracted my attention; for it was very hard for her to keep upright. As she picked her way along, she came to a little slope. She threw up her hands in amazement as she stood wondering whether she should turn back or run the risk of tumbling by going on. Just then, a little boy with a sled came running swiftly around the corner of a block, allowing his sled to slur far from behind him. It accidentally hit the lady and over she went like lead while the little fellow quickly disappeared.

O. J. C., '18.

Dedicated to Agricultural Dept. HE WAS TIRED OF FARMING

By Chas. B. Driscoll

Bold Cincinnatus, plowing corn, receives a special wire which says:

"Rome calls you, Brother, and sure her need is dire! Come on at once by motor and save us from our foes.

Your Ancient Pal, Augustus."

And Cincinnatus goes.

So reads the story in the books. Now listen while I tell the truth of that old fable, which I have studied well.

"Giddap!" yelled Cincinnatus. "I'll tan your ugly hide!" He hit the off mule with a spade. You surely would have died if you had heard this Roman Knight belaboring those

mules. He'd lost his temper, cracked his voice, and broken all his tools.

This wealthy Roman pool-hall man plowed corn just for a fad. He had inherited a farm and auto from his dad. The shortest way around his waist of late had grown apace. His doctor, chef, and tailor man were smitten with disgrace. A slender form was stylish then. His front was out of date. When Cincinnatus saw the doc, the doc said "Amputate!"

So Cincinnatus bought a farm. Two days of plowing corn had made him cuss the afternoon on which he had been born. His hungry mules refused to move; his pride would not permit that he should call the hired man and then and there admit that he had failed to have his way with those brutes. And so he pulled his whiskerettes and scowled down at his boots, the while he tried to fix a scheme by which he might retreat and yet deny to all his chums that he had met defeat.

An army tramped along the road. It Cincinnatus spied, and in a sudden burst of glee he climbed a tree and cried, "Here, Julius, take these gentle mules and tell my wife goodbye! I'm going to war for ancient Rome, to fight, perchance to die!"

He climbed the fence. He looked not back. The Roughneck Rome Brigade elected him its leader. His weapon was a spade.

Now when the war was over our hero bold returned. The mules were old, the plow was sold, his wife in tears, he learned.

This is the real story of one of Rome's brave boys who reaped a crop of glory where he had sown but noise. It's not the way you've read it in story books of late, but give me this much credit: I've told the story straight.

Freshman Soc. Sc. Paper—"The air evaporates as salt."

Science I

Billy—Salt is found in the seas, the ocean and in salt water.

THE FARM OF THE FUTURE

I hope the farmers in the future will cultivate somewhat differently from what they do at present. There are many farmers who could not tell you, if you asked them, what they made or what they lost. Should you ask them if they keep accounts, they say, "No. What good do accounts do? I would not make any more if I should keep accounts and it takes up time." And so they go on, year after year, not knowing whether they are gaining or losing.

A farmer now seeds down, to rye or alfalfa, a rather dry piece of land which does not produce a good crop of tobacco or onions. In the future, he will irrigate such land and thus make it so it will produce a good crop. If he has a damp piece of land that does not produce a good crop on account of the lack of chemicals, he sends a pint jar to the State Experiment Station and finds out what it needs. Then, since he knows that he can buy the chemicals, he supplies what the land needs.

A farmer in the dairy business must keep account of his milk. He also ought to have his milk tested once a month by a man that is employed and sent around through the town by the Dairyemen's Association. I am sure that the farmers in the future will be more careful about keeping accounts than is the average farmer of today.

J. D., '18.

HADLEY RECEIVES STATE TROPHY

The silver cup for the state championship in garden contests has been again awarded to Hadley. 42,000 girls and boys have been actively engaged in some practical agricultural work, during the past year. Massachusetts leads all the Northern States in its enrolment of club members doing active organized work. This is due to the spirit which is behind the movement. Outside of the local community, the co-operating agencies are the Massachusetts Agricultural College thru

its extension service, the United States Bureau of Plant Industry, the State Board of Agriculture and the different agricultural fair associations throughout the state.

Mr. Burke, the instructor in Agriculture at Hopkins Academy, is worthy of much praise for his efforts in helping the boys and girls with their garden contests in Hadley. All thru the long dry summer, he kept the children interested in their work. There were 43 cities and towns and 175 schools entered for the contest. Hadley's score was 1127.3 points which was the highest score made this year by any town or city. It is very gratifying to the people of Hadley to have their boys and girls do such good work. The awards to towns and schools are as follows:

Small Towns	Members	Premiums	Score
1st Hadley	231	Large cup	1127.3
2nd Groton	230	Small cup	997.8
Small Schools (2-8 rooms)			
1st Hadley Grammar		\$20	906.4
2nd North Hadley		15	855.9
One Room Schools			
1st Russellville School, Hadley	\$20		1273.3
2nd Nash St., Williamsburg	15		1153.9
3rd South School, Worthington	10		1037.8
4th Plainville, Hadley	5		779.7
4th Hartsbrook, Hadley	5		766.6
4th West St., Hadley	5		630.1

ATHLETICS

Along with new lockers and shower baths, the Athletic Association needs a running track. Mr. Heald planned a fine quarter-mile track around the Bonney field and a little work has been done on it. If some enterprising townsmen would lend their teams some day this spring, the manual labor might be easily done by the boys of the school. The members of the Sophomore class have expressed their willingness to help in any way. If they lead, will you fall in line?

SOPHOMORES 16, JUNIORS 12

On the 19th of January the Sophomore-Junior game was played in the gym. It resulted in a victory for 1917. The game was fast and a little rough. Many poor shots were credited to both teams. Murray, '15 and Capt. Gale of the Juniors did good work. Dixon and Edwards played fine for the Sophomores. The lineup:

Juniors	Sophomores
Murray, Ahearn, rf	rf, Edwards
Ahearn, Murray, '15, lf	lf, Dixon
C. Smith, c	c, Eldridge
Reynolds, rg	rg, Morton
Gale (capt), lg	lg, D. Cook

Score: Sophomores 16, Juniors 12. Baskets from floor: Murray 3, Gale 2, Edwards 2, Eldridge 2, Cook, Dixon 1. Referees, Hibbard and Kershliis, '15. Time, 15-minute halves.

DEERFIELD 60, HOPKINS 14

DEERFIELD 34, HOPKINS 8

The Hopkins teams visited Dickinson Academy on January 22. The Deerfield floor was much smoother than those to which our teams are accustomed, and the Hopkins squads slid around a good deal. Neither team put much ginger into the game, although it was clean and fast. The first team was crippled by the absence of Smith at center, and their opponents got the tap easily. Capt. Williams of Deerfield was the star of the main game. The lineup:

Hopkins	Deerfield
Googins, rf	lg, Murdock
Kershliis, Edwards, Morton (Capt), lf	rg, Williams (Capt.)
Morton, Kershliis, c	c, Vinn
Murray, Edwards, rg	lf, Billings
Hibbard, lg	rf, Slocombe

Score: Deerfield 60, Hopkins 14. Baskets from floor: Williams 2, Vinn 8, Billings 4, Slocomb 11, Googins 3, Kershliis 2. Baskets

from fouls: Vinn 4, Googins 3, Kershliis 1. Referee, Whiting. Time, 20-minute halves.

Hopkins second team was more evenly matched but had disadvantages. Bucharetz, right forward for Deerfield had a great shooting eye. He was well matched by O'Hara. The lineup:

Hopkins	Deerfield
O'Hara, rf	lg, Davis, Pierce
Phillips, lf	rg, Jones
Eldridge, c	c, Pierce, Davis
D. Cook, rg	lf, McKay
Morton, lg	rf, Bucharetz

Score: Hopkins 7, Deerfield 34. Goals from floor: Bucharetz 7, Pierce 4, Davis 4, Jones, McKay, O'Hara 4. Referee, Whiting. Time, 15-minute halves.

The Freshman Latin girls defeated the Freshman Household Arts five in a close basketball game on January 25. The score was 9-8.

FRESHMEN 21, JUNIORS 19

The game between the Junior girls' basketball team and the Freshman five on January 27, resulted in a 21-9 victory for the Freshmen. This was the first game played under the new rules so in some ways it was harder for both teams. There was good clean playing on both sides and the right spirit was shown thruout. The lineup:

Freshmen	Juniors
M. Montgomery, rf	lg, D. Barlow, M. Toole
A. Dickey, lf	rg, M. Johnson
J. Flaherty, c	c, E. Lester
G. Montgomery, rg	lf, E. Callahan
H. Reardon, lg	rf, S. Comins

Score: Freshmen 21, Juniors 9. Baskets from floor: M. Montgomery 5, J. Flaherty 3, A. Dickey 2, L. Comins 4. Baskets from fouls: J. Flaherty, E. Lester. Referee, Miss Bliss. Time, 15-minute halves.

HOPKINS 26, ST. MICHAEL'S 31

The St. Michael's School quintet defeated the Hopkins squad in the Northampton High School "Gym," January 27, with a score of 30-26. The game was fast and clean. In the first period St. Michael's out pointed us and led 18-12 at the end, altho Hopkins had started out well. At the beginning of the second period, St. Michael's quickly shot three baskets, owing chiefly to the fine work of their right forward, Lynch. Then the Hopkins boys opened up and, after giving a fine exhibition of floor work, out pointed St. Michael's 14-13.

Morton and Eldridge played guard for the first time, and both did good defensive work, especially the latter, who played his first varsity game like a veteran. Kershliis was high man of the evening, scoring 16 points. Googins, as usual led the passing; and Murray, back at his old position of forward, was right with him, playing a splendid game.

The passing of St. Michael's warrants a great deal of praise. Lynch and Blanchard led for them.

The lineup:

St. Michael's	Hopkins
Lynch, rf	lg, Eldridge
Blanchard, lf	rg, Morton
Maloney, c	c, Kershliis
Lucy, rg	lf, Murray
Finn, lg	rf, Googins

Score: Hopkins 23, St. Michael's 31. Goals from floor: Lynch 4, Blanchard 4, Maloney, Lucy 3, Finn, 2, Murray 3, Googins 2, Kershliis 5. Goals from fouls: Lynch, Blanchard 2; Kershliis 6. Referee, Sawyer, A. C., '16. Time, 15 and 20-minute halves.

SOPHOMORES 13, JUNIORS 8

The Sophomore girls' basket ball team added another victory to their list on February 1, when they defeated the Junior five. It was one of the best games of the

season due to the improved passing. The Sophomore team was fast thruout but the Juniors had the lead the last part of the game, and might have evened the score had there been more time.

The lineup:

Sophomores	Juniors
R. Gardner, rf	lg, E. Callahan
J. Kelley, lf	rg, P. Barlow
D. Philips, c	c, E. Lester
J. Flaherty, rg	lf, M. Lawrence
H. Reardon, lg	rf, L. Comins

Score: Sophomores 13, Juniors 8. Goals from floor: R. Gardner 5, J. Kelley, M. Lawrence 2, L. Comins 2. Goals from fouls: R. Gardner. Referee, Miss Bliss. Time, 15-minute halves.

HOPKINS 31, "AGGIE" 21

The Hopkins five showed their growing excellence in their victory over the "Aggie" College Freshman team, in the gymnasium, Feb. 11. The Freshman have the best team at college, and are all heavy fellows; however our team outmatched them with team play and most excellent shooting. Kershliis scored nine floor goals and 3 points from fouls. Googins as usual gave a fine exhibition of floor work, and scored eight points. Eldridge and Morton have developed into a fine defensive pair, and worked well against Vickers and Minor for the opponents. The lineup:

Hopkins	"Aggie"
Googins, rf	lg, Hawley
Murray, lf	rg, Gasser
Kershliis, c	c, Drayson
Eldridge, rg	lf, Vickers
Morton, lg	rf, Minor

Score: Hopkins 31, "Aggie" 21. Floor goals: Kershliis 9, Googins 4, Eldridge, Hawley 2, Drayson 3, Minor 3. Baskets

from fouls: Kershlis 3, Drayson 2, Vickers 3. Referee, Darling of M. A. C. Time, 20-minute halves.

The Hopkins second team played a preliminary game with the second team from the Amherst Boys' Club, resulting in a victory of 24-15. This game lacked team play, altho the Hopkins fellows showed some passing. Fydenkevez had a great shooting eye, making three lucky baskets. In the second half the team was made up entirely of Sophomores, who all showed up well. The lineup:

Hopkins	Boys' Club
Dixon, rf	lg, Watts
Phillips, Fydenkevez, lf	rg, Rcoleau
O'Hara, Smith, c	c, Whalen
Norton, Cook, rg	lf, O'Brien
Kokoski, lg	rf, Hartnett

Score: Hopkins 24, Boys' Club 15. Floor goals: Dixon 3, Phillips 2, Fydenkevez 3, O'Hara, Smith, Kokoski 2, Watts, Fooleau 3, Whalen, O'Brien 2. Goal from fouls: Whalen. Referee, Darling of M. A. C. Time 10 and 20-minute periods.

A DREAM

I usually lie on my side at night to avoid dreams. But this night I lay on my back, which doubtless accounts for the following experience. It seemed to me that I was lying in a dreamy mood under the shade of a maple tree on the hillside.

Suddenly I saw on one of the branches an enormous black cat with glistening eyes, bristling whiskers, and he seemed to be expectantly licking his chops.

As I lay horror-stricken, the creature seemed to leave the branch and come toward the earth, but it did not fall, it did not leap, it did not fly. It simply rose slowly through the air, as I have often on a dull day seen a

cloud of black smoke fall to the earth and blot out the landscape.

At length, after what seemed ages, it touched my body, gently at first and then it lay on my breast. I could see its glaring eyes fixed on mine. Gradually, it seemed to grow heavier until I was oppressed by the weight. Still it did not move and I could not move. It stayed there until I knew it was gradually crushing my life out.

Was there no help for my sad plight? Ah! I heard a faint sound and faint though it was, it caused me to move despite the great weight that was crushing me down.

I don't know how it was that it came about, but soon I found myself awake, and nervously holding to my chest a very crumpled bundle of bed clothes.

Of course, I was at my wits end to explain my strange dream.

After a while, when I had fully recovered my scattered senses, I remembered reading late that night a newspaper account of a man who had nearly been killed by a wild-cat. He had been out hunting and had lain down under a tree to rest. Upon hearing a slight noise, he looked up and saw a strange beast, which suddenly pounced upon him, almost taking his breath away. It was only after a heroic struggle that he was able to kill the animal with his hunting knife.

You may easily believe that I resolved, after this exciting dream, to lie on my side hereafter and probably not to read exciting paper accounts late at night.

F. W., '18.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

'14

Amy Hardy has moved to Shelburne Falls.

Mary Scott is home from Westfield Normal School on account of trouble with her eyes.

'12

Mary Flaherty spent Washington's Birthday in town.

'07

Leroy Sabin is spending several months with relatives in Los Angeles, California.

'06

The engagement of Gertrude Smith of South Hadley to Dr. Arthur Daniel of Northampton, has been announced.

EXCHANGES

The HOPKINS ARMS acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:

The Laconian, Laconia, N. H.
 The Chronicle, Hartford, Conn.
 The Argus, Gardner, Mass.
 Brown Alumni Monthly, Providence, R. I.
 Purple and Gold, Franklin, Ky.
 The Peruvian, Peru, N. Y.
 The Bon Bon, Greenfield, Mass.
 Daleville Leader, Daleville, Va.
 The Beacon, Chester, Mass.
 The Dial, Brattleboro, Vt.
 The Tunxis, Windsor, Conn.
 The Students' Review, Northampton, Mass.
 Massachusetts Collegian, M. A. C., Amherst, Mass.

The Oracle, Manchester, N. H.
 The Orange Peels, Orange, Mass.
 The Mortonian, Lexington, Ky.

The Tunxis: We are glad to see your paper. We hope you will succeed.

The Chronicle, Hartford: Your literary section needs an introduction. Why not have the editorial box first?

The Laconian: Your paper would be better if your items were classified.

The Dial, Brattleboro: The arrangement of your paper is very good.

The Bon Bon: Give us some more like, "A Tale of Camp Life."

The Peruvian: Your paper is good. Why put the two or three ads among the reading matter?

The Students' Review: Why not acknowledge our paper?

Senior translating—"He flew around in arms."

Wanted—A referee who can keep track of the fouls the Freshman girls make. Must be an impartial person, strong in character and muscle. For further information inquire at the editor's office.

U. S. Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I.
 Yeoman School, Dec. 6, 1914

Mr. Joseph Pickett, Principal, Northampton Commercial College
 Northampton, Mass.

Dear Mr. Pickett—Perhaps you would be interested to know that I was "high man" in the last class at the Yeoman School. My final average was 91.8. * * * If any of your young men students are thinking of entering the Navy, you may tell them that your general course is *excellent* to prepare a young man for this branch of the service. I consider that my training at your college was the thing that started me right. * * * Wishing you future successes and a Merry Christmas, I am

Yours sincerely,

C. J. GALE, JR. (Hopkins Academy, 1913)

No man ever got nervous prostration pushing his business; you get it only when your business pushes you.

—*The Philistine.*



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E. ALBERTS

The Shoeman

241 Main St.

Northampton

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$\frac{1}{4}$ Page	1.25	5.00	8.00
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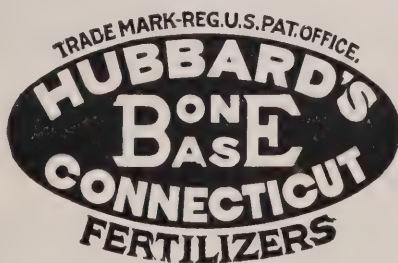
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We always tell you how they are made, and 1915 will be no exception to this rule.

Why not buy **Crop Insurance** with your fertilizers?

LESLIE R. SMITH, General Agent, Hadley, Mass.

TOO MUCH FOR A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER

A young foreigner was being tried in court, says the Public Ledger, and the questioning by the lawyers on the opposite side began:

"Now, Laszky, what do you do?"

"Ven?" asked Laszky.

"When you work, of course," said the lawyer.

"Vy, work—"

"I know," said the lawyer, "but what at?"

"At a bench."

"Oh!" groaned the lawyer, "where do you work at a bench?"

"In a factory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"Brick."

"You made bricks?"

"No, de factory is made uv bricks."

"Now, Laszky, listen," said the lawyer.

"What do you make in that factory?"

"Eight dollars a week."

"No, no! What does the factory make?"

"I dunno, a lot uv money, I think."

"Now, listen! What kind of goods does the factory produce?"

"Oh," said Laszky, "good goods."

"I know, but what kind of good goods?"

"The best."

"The best of what?"

"The best there is."

"Of what?"

"Of dose goods."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "I give up."

—*Ex.*

BIOLOGY II

"What is the capacity of the lungs?"

Doris P—"About 30 square cubic inches."

Dixon—"Why should I help the Seniors?"
Senior Boy—"Because the odd classes go together."

Dixon—"No. the odd and even go together."
Senior Boy—"I forgot, they do now."

—

A is for all those not named in this rhyme.

B is for Barlows who get here on time.

C is for Charlottes of whom we have two.

D is for dull, but we've only a few.

E is for Everlyn, as Spitfire she goes.

F for Florence, who spoke "Naughty Brier Rose."

G is for Graces and we have four or more.

H is for Hoffman she fell on the floor.

I is for Ignorance. Some Freshmen still have it.

J is for Julia whom with snowballs we hit.

K is for Kokoski, an editor is he.

L is for Lawrence some singer is she.

M for Montgomery who is our best guard.

N is for news often "la plus tard."

O is for old, like some of the jokes we have.

P for poor papers. None we have, so be glad.

Q is for queer, which we'll not be some day.

R is for rules, which we gladly obey.

S is for subscription a shortage have we.

T for the truths, which I've told very free.

U is for useless, a term unknown to us.

V is for verbs and the French, what a fus!

W is for words that I've failed to express.

X is for Xantippes. Have we any? Just guess.

Y is for youths. So many are here.

Z There's none for this letter I fear.

—

The cities may have their mobs and riots, but the farmers will plow and sow and reap and feed their stock, and go forth to their labors until the evening. The farmers have ever and always been the hope of the world.

—*The Philistine.*

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He
Mariner



His
Varns

Miss Davis, crossly—"Is there anyone in this room that will not have enough to keep him busy?"

Gale's hands go up.

Miss Davis—"Well, Gale?"

Gale—"I was just stretching."

H-b-a-d carefully removed the cigars from his vest pocket and placed them on the piano. Then he opened his arms, but the young damsel did not flutter to them.

"You," she said coldly, "have loved before."

From Chemistry Test Papers (Senior)—
"We give off Carbon Dioxide into the air which is poisonous in great quantities which is taken up by plants which in turn give off oxygen and the plants grow and make food for us and for other animals which one must have for life."

"Co₂ is very valuable in distinguishing fires."

Miss Cook—"Dites en francais, the bottom fell out of the carriage."

Miss Flaherty—"Le fond du cocher a tombé."

Googins—"Let us go in and have something to eat."

Morton—"No, I am not hungry."

Googins—"Come on, I want to exchange my old hat for a new one."

Disappointing

Our new postmistress was reading a postal card from the morning mail. Finally she turned it over to the address.

"Huh," she said, in a disappointed tone, "this card is for me."

A foreman in the Baldwin Locomotive Works wished to discharge an Irishman, and knowing him to be a rather argumentative sort of chap, and not caring to have any words with the fellow, he wrote him a letter giving him his discharge.

A few days after the foreman noticed that Pat was at his old place and going up to him, asked if he had received the letter.

"Sure and Oi did."

"Did you read it?"

"Yes," replied Pat, "both on the inside and the outside."

"And what did it say?" asked the foreman.

"Well, it told on the inside, Oi was discharged, and on the outside it said, in five days return to Baldwin Locomotive Works, and here Oi am, sur."

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